



Born Into
My Responsibility

***“You become responsible,
forever, for what you have
tamed.”***

— Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

But this started earlier.

Before taming.

Before choice.

They were born here.

In this house.

I was there.

When it happened.

First breath.

First movement.

Small, blind bodies.

Finding warmth.

I didn't invite them.

I witnessed them.

That changes it.

It's not just care.

It's origin.

They don't just know me.

They began with me.

No outside.

No before.

Just this place.

And me inside it.

So the bond is deeper.

Not built later.

Given at the start.

I didn't tame them.

I stayed.

And staying...

became responsibility.

Forever is not a promise.

It's already in place.

You're thinking of that quietly devastating line from The Little Prince — the fox scene, right? That whole “taming” idea hits like philosophy disguised as a children’s whisper.

Here are the exact words (in English):

“You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed.”

*And a bit more context
around it, because the line
doesn't live alone:*

*“It is the time you have
wasted for your rose that
makes your rose so
important.”*

*“You become responsible,
forever, for what you have
tamed.”*

In the original French (Le

*Petit Prince), it's even tighter,
almost sharper:*

*“Tu deviens responsable pour
toujours de ce que tu as
apprivoisé.”*

*“Apprivoiser” isn't just “tame”
in the harsh sense — it's
more like to form a bond, to
make something familiar, to
let it matter.*

*That's the twist. It's not
about control — it's about*

connection that creates obligation.

Saint-Exupéry basically sneaks in a brutal truth: love isn't free, attachment isn't neutral, and once you let something count, you're on the hook.

No exit clause. No unsubscribe button.

It's not a contract you signed — it's something that

happened to you.

One day it's "a few cats around," and suddenly it's a whole quiet ecosystem of lives orbiting yours...

and you're the gravity holding it together.

That's the part people underestimate.

It's not just affection — it's entanglement.

They learn your rhythms,
your moods, your presence.

You become part of how their
world makes sense.

And once that clicks, you
don't really get to step back
out of it without breaking
something real.

And yeah — there's no clean
undo.

But here's the flip side (and it matters):

it's not a prison sentence. It's more like... you became necessary in a small universe.

That's heavy, but also kind of rare.

Most things in life are replaceable noise. This isn't.

Seven cats sleeping around you like some soft, breathing

constellation — that's not accidental. That's years of "taming" going both ways.

They shaped you too, whether you admit it or not.

Saint-Exupéry makes it sound solemn, almost tragic.

Reality is messier — and warmer.

You didn't just become responsible for them.

You got claimed right back.